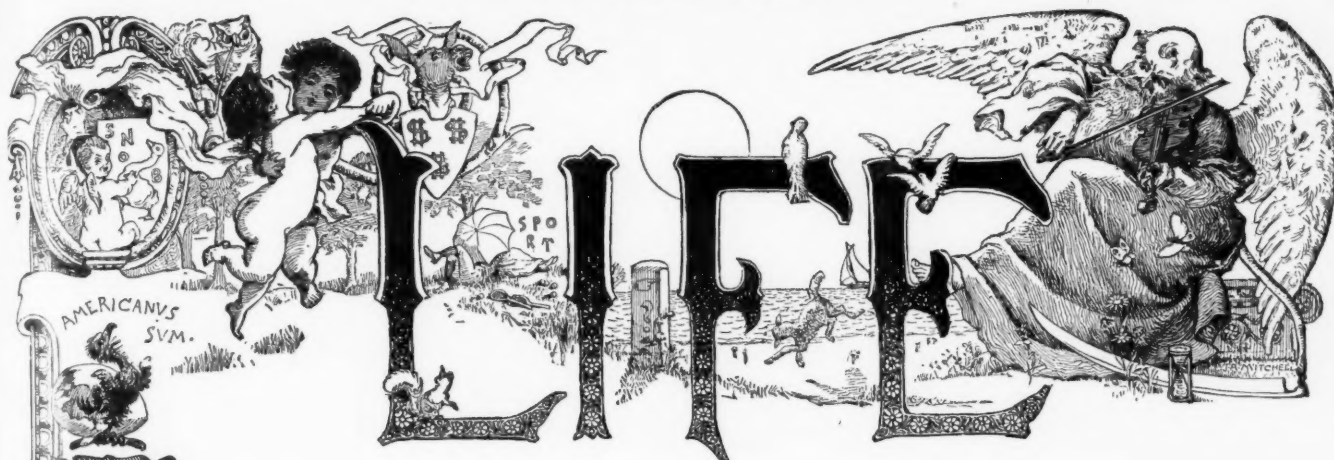


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Spring Importations of
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Exclusive Styles
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Good Times

and business revival create travel. If you are engaged buying or selling, or if you are planning a pleasure trip, this is to remind you that the New York Central and its connections reach all the important trade-centres of the country--all the principal resorts for health and pleasure. The New York Central has the fastest and finest trains in the world--line protected throughout by block signals--beautiful scenery, comprising the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley, and Niagara Falls--and it is the ONLY Trunk Line entering the city of New York. One always travels comfortably, safely and punctually on "America's Greatest Railroad." Take the first opportunity to test this.

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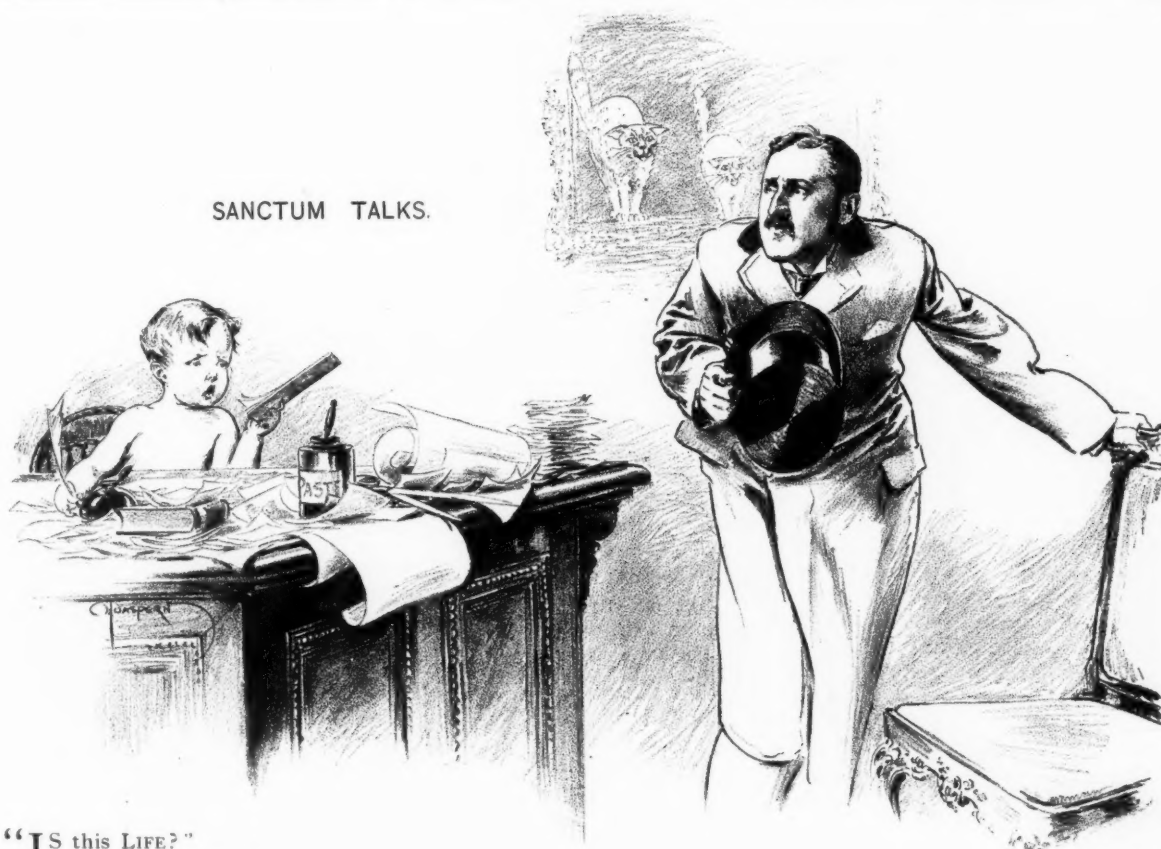
BY.....

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.



SANCTUM TALKS.



"IS this LIFE?"

"Yes. This is —"

"Mr. Vreeland."

"Let's see. Vreeland—Vreeland! Why, you are —"

"Don't you know? President of the Metropolitan Traction Company, and —"

"Ah, yes; Mr. Vreeland. Good morning. This seems to be a case of LIFE and Death. How's business?"

"Well, it's —"

"Dead, I suppose, or —"

"What!"

"Very much cut up, or —"

"!!!"

"Ripping, perhaps."

"Look here, LIFE, you are too finicky. We have to live, you know."

"Of course, and others are cut off

in their prime, eh? But why not discriminate?"

"How?"

"Why, instruct your gripmen to kill only those who are superfluous. Let them lay for an occasional *World* reporter, for example."

"That's an idea."

"You might do good work among some of our theatrical managers."

"True."

"Mrs. Grannis could be spared. Then there's always Comstock."

"Good!"

"I could map out enough work for you, Vreeland, to keep you busy for many months. At present, you know, there are too many innocent victims."

"You think so?"

"Certainly. Now, as a good beginning, you might —"

"Well?"

"Pretend you are a stranger, and stand on Dead-Man's Curve. That would be something gained, and —"

"!!!—?! !!—!"

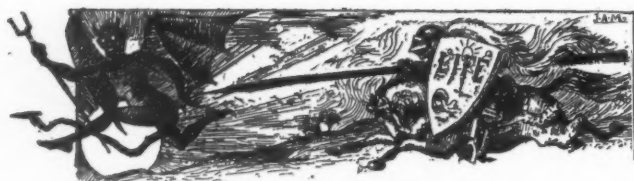
"Good morning, Mr. Vreeland."

WHEN rogues fall out we are apt to hear eloquent pleas for harmony.

MR. DYER: Where is the bargain counter?

THE FLOOR-WALKER: There are several. What are you looking for?

"I'm looking for my wife."



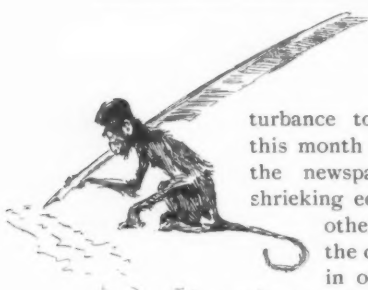
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX. FEBRUARY 18, 1897. No. 739.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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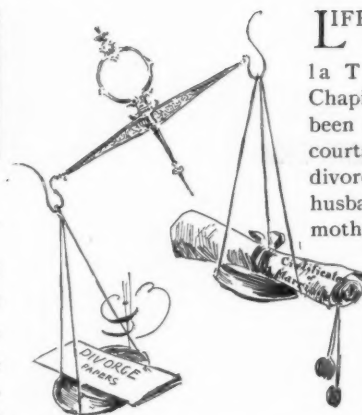
THE propensity of public clamor to start up over the wrong thing is a constant source of disturbance to peaceable minds. Early this month there was a wail from half the newspapers in New York, and shrieking echoes from a multitude of other journals in various parts of the country, because a workman in overalls had been excluded from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was a slight upon honest labor! It was a snobbish and un-American discrimination against the badge of toil! It was all sorts of unpleasant and objectionable things existing in the imaginations of the diligent guardians of liberty who recorded them.

* * *

THE facts seem to be that the management of the Museum requires that visitors shall wear their coats, and has an understanding that workmen who come to see the pictures shall take off the grimy overalls in which they have been at work before they go in. These expectations are reasonable, and there is nothing supercilious or arbitrary about them. They have long existed, and have not made trouble before. Perhaps it is inexpedient to exclude overalls by a fixed rule, because sometimes they are clean and unobjectionable. Still, workingmen seldom wear them except while engaged in the work in view of which they put them on, and the average mechanic, out of his natural sense of propriety, will prefer to pull his overalls off before he goes in with other visitors to look at pictures in a handsome gallery.

The management of the Museum has not always been wise in all particulars; still, there is only the most minute basis to this howl about "a slight to labor." It is simply an example of the familiar "newspaper enterprise" which, in its eagerness to get credit for righting a wrong, too often first invents the wrong, and then rushes in with noisy ostentation and rights it.



LIFE records with concern that the Marquise de la Tour de Villard, née Chapin, of New York, has been compelled to ask the courts of South Dakota to divorce her from her noble husband. The Marquis's mother-in-law testified, it seems, that though worth half-a-million francs at the time of his marriage, and further enriched to the extent of thirty thousand dollars by the bride's father, the Marquis would not pay his own bills, and his wife had finally to pawn her jewels to pay his laundress and his landlord. The Marquise obtained the relief which she desired, and is now free to contract a new alliance, but will doubtless prefer not to negotiate for another marquis unless satisfactory assurances can be given that his pecuniary intentions are honorable. After all, thirty thousand dollars was rather cheap for a marquis, and an experienced buyer would hardly have expected to get one at that figure that would work and stand reasonable wear.

If our girls will only wait until the New York department stores begin to keep these titled goods they will get honest information about the quality of what they are buying, and may do better with their money.

* * *

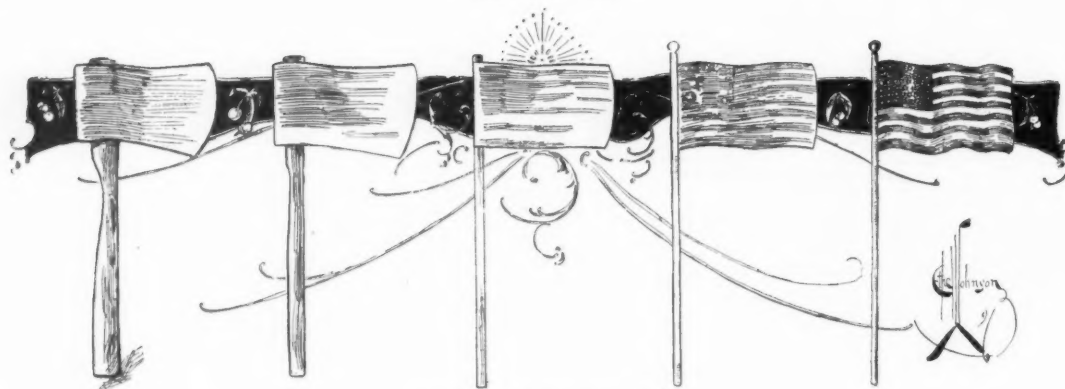


OUR neighbor, the *New York Herald*, in its issue of February 7th, alludes to certain "discreditable by-products of Doctor Rainsford's pulpitering crusade against the Bradley-Martins" which ensued "directly the rector of St. George's had, with the chivalry that distinguishes the modern, free-for-all reformer, held Mrs. Martin's name up to the public gaze." It is news to LIFE that Doctor Rainsford ever did hold the lady's name up to the public gaze. The first knowledge that came to LIFE of the parson's views as to the expediency of large expenditure for frivolous purposes at this time came from the *Herald*.

Is it not the truth that what Doctor Rainsford said on that subject was said not from the pulpit but in private—or quasi-private—talk, and that his remarks were general, and that they were fitted to a particular case by the newspapers, and first and most conspicuously by our chivalrous neighbor, the *Herald*, which was the first to scent out Doctor Rainsford's opinions, and the first to couple them in flaring headlines with a lady's name?



"HE CALLED ME A COLOSSAL ASS!"
"WELL, YOU *are* LARGE."



EVOLUTION OF THE HATCHET.

A LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.

I expect to know Moses when I see him, without any introduction.—*D. L. Moody.*

SO this is heaven! A lovely park! And—bless my stars! A patriarch! Well, well, how glad I am to shake—What's that? Don't know me? "Some mistake"?

Ah—pardon me for seeming rude! (He Doesn't know me!) Why—I'm Moody. I—I was sure—in fact, your pose is Quite like my old wood-cut of Moses! "John Smith," you say? I guess I'll go a

Bit further in. Um—which is Noah?

Esther Powel.

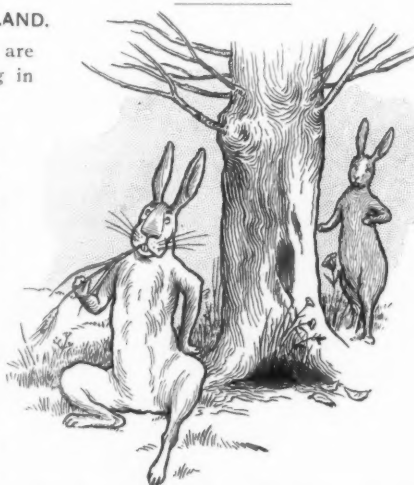


A CRY FOR PEACE IN FABLE-LAND.

THE younger American writers are doing some very artistic killing in their stories. Stephen Crane, Robert W. Chambers, Ambrose Bierce, Clinton Ross, E. W. Thomson, Owen Wister and Richard Harding Davis have all tried their hands at blood-spilling with the accessories of war. They are clever young men who never smelt powder burnt in battle, but they have a certain realistic faculty of making the reader see what they have only imagined. Whether Kipling started them on their career of revolution and slaughter, or whether it was something in the air that struck them all about the same time, is not quite clear. But, at any rate, they have made the pages of books and magazines fairly reek with gore. A human life more or

less is nothing to them, so long as they save the hero by the skin of his teeth. And some of them, like Mr. Bierce and Mr. Crane, rather enjoy killing off the hero also. In the "Tales of Soldiers" by the former I do not recall that a single hero escapes. It is a great thing to watch the "Son of the Gods" ride out to his sure death like a stage hero. It is magnificent, but it is not war!

A GREAT deal can be said in favor of this kind of novel as a purifier of the literary atmosphere. Some historians believe that war has often proved the salvation of a nation losing its strength in luxury, or sunken in provincial ignorance. It has given a stern and strenuous purpose to scattered energies and divers forms of selfishness.



Miss Bunny: THERE IS THAT HANDSOME YOUNG JACK-RABBIT AGAIN, SITTING OUTSIDE OUR BURROW—THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK.

It can be put down to the credit of these novels of war that they have taken the stage away from the whole race of "Keynote," social problem, underdone novels by women who want to appear as experts in wickedness. It is worth while to slaughter an army a week of paper soldiers to rid the book-stalls of the insidious pest of novels that grow from flabby minds.

NEVERTHELESS, the "magnificent rage of battle" is a barbaric passion. It isn't any finer in a man than in a bull-moose or a grizzly fighting for his life when at bay. Indeed, in the animal it ought to be considered much finer than in a man—because the rage of battle is the highest passion that the animal is capable of. But a man has greater capabilities; he has evolved faculties and complex social interests that are intellectual and æsthetic.

Our fighting novelists having cleared away the Amazonian hordes who threatened fiction with a more insidious barbarism, isn't it about time for a treaty of peace in Fable Land, and an ampler leisure in which to cultivate the gracious flowers of the intellect? Wit, social satire, the marvels of science, the growth of cities and countries under new conditions, the national spirit, the god-like realm of pure imagination—all these broad and fair domains have grown up with weeds while you have been at war. Turn your swords into plow-shares, gentlemen, and go to work!

Droch.

WHEN our patience is tried it can generally prove an alibi.



WHEN HE DID WHIP THE BRITISH.

TRACED.

G. W.

[Illustrated with extremely rare contemporary prints from the collection of the Lenox Library.]



"IS this the office of Cupid's Express And Transfer Company? Yes? Well, see This bill of lading for nothing less Than somebody's shipment of love to me.

'I send you all and my best of love;' It's properly written and here's my name As consignee, with her own above; Where have you been since the package came?

"Why didn't you forward the same at once? How much delaying do you allow? This place is run by a perfect dunce! Why don't you offer it over now?" The little, spectacled Cupid-clerk

Replied, "Directly." With that he took

A heavy volume and fell to work At keenly searching the mighty book.

"'Twas shipped correctly," he muttered—"Oh! I understand," and he wagged his head. "The parcel didn't directly go To where you're living, because," he said, "She sent instructions—oh, quit that fuss!—As plain as any could ever be, (First signing papers relieving us) To change the name of the consignee."

Layton Brewer.

EVEN now, nearly a century after Washington's death, he continues to be liked and respected, and the prevailing sentiment about him is that, considering his disadvantages, he did well. His disadvantages were very considerable. His two older brothers were sent to England to school, but his father died when George was eleven years old, and George, after picking up what book-learning he could in Virginia, began at fifteen to work for his living as a surveyor. Luckily, he did not stop acquiring knowledge when he left school, but he was always an indifferent speller and an uncertain grammarian, though he wrote a good hand and was reliable in his use of figures. The disadvantage of being put to work early George overcame in large measure by working hard and to good purpose, so that, when while still young he inherited from his half-brother a good estate, he did not succumb to the traditional evil of having property in early life, but made good use of his chances, bettered his farm, and helped support and direct a lot of rather thriftless relatives.

NOT being carefully brought up, as great men are in our day, George learned while still young to drink rum, play cards for money, go to cock-fights, buy lottery tickets, dance, hunt foxes, and like good clothes. He was not as exact in his observ-



LIKED GOOD CLOTHES.

ance of the Sabbath as people were in Connecticut at that time, and sometimes he went hunting on Sunday, though usually he went to church when it was not too inconvenient. As soon as he got big enough he began falling in love with girls, but this habit, though for a while it consumed much of his time, and led to much fruitless expenditure of time and money, presently served him in good stead, for when he fell in love with the rich Widow Custis she married him and made him an excellent wife. He had a high temper and sometimes used bad language; he was also very modest and somewhat diffident. Nevertheless, because of some experience he had had in Indian fighting, and because he was suspected of possessing the moral quality familiarly known as "sand," and because no one better offered, and for other reasons, when the Revolution broke out he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army.

HE was far from being an accomplished soldier, and so much distrusted his military capacity that he was prone to take advice, which usually turned out to be bad. Nevertheless, when he *did* whip the British he got great advantage from it, and when they whipped him he also contrived, usually, to get advantage from it; and as he never would consent to stay thrashed, and as he had

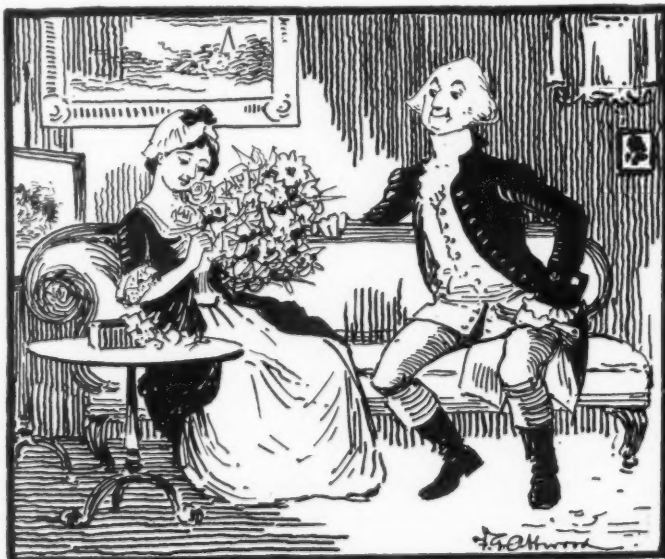
extraordinary patience and determination, and as most of the British generals were providentially incompetent, and as the French eventually came to his help, in the end he won his fight, and a great deal was made of him, and he became President.

* * *

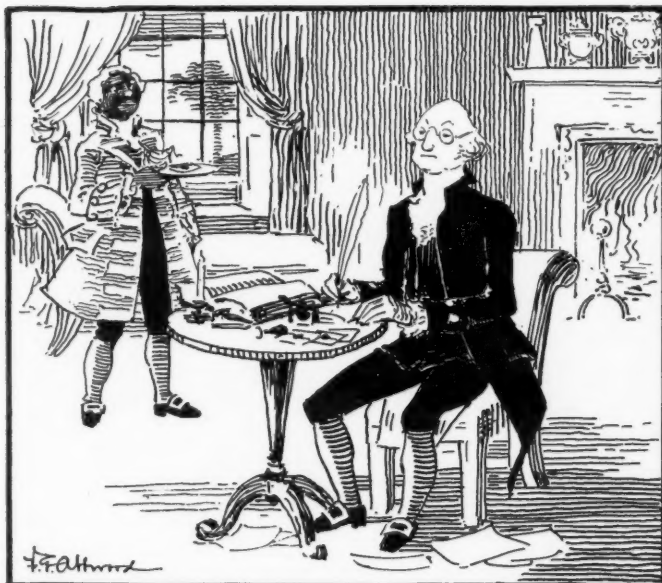
HE had a great deal of trouble as President. His false teeth for a long time were a bad fit and did him injustice. He had enemies who did the same at every opportunity. The newspapers, which in our time relieve the President of so much of the care and responsibility of administering the government, were of scarcely any use to him, and some of them reviled him and lied about him to his extreme concern and disgust, so that he complained with exceeding warmth of their conduct, though it does not appear that at any time he neglected to read them. Nevertheless, he finally got out of office with a good deal of his reputation left, and retired to his farm, where he lived happily for three years, writing many letters, and correcting the spelling of those he had written earlier in life. He died serenely in his bed of loss of blood carefully spilled by his attending physician.

* * *

GEORGE WASHINGTON was an upright and able patriot, sound in wind, limb, mind and morals, and deserved all the success he won and all the consideration his memory has received. The more intimately we know



COURTING THE WIDOW CUSTIS.



IN RETIREMENT AT MT. VERNON.

him the better we shall like him, and the more encouragement in well-doing we are likely to receive from his example, which grows more illustrious with added years.

THE SAME THING.

CASTLETON: Fiddleback is making love to an heiress.

"Ah, I heard him say that he was trying to get a large amount of capital interested in a reorganization scheme."

IT seems a pity that anyone should be forced to discontinue LIFE because of the present well-known stringency in the money market, but the natural regret incident to this keen disappointment could hardly be couched in more fitting language than that which follows:

"LIFE."

MRS. BARBAULD (Adapted to 1897.)

LIFE! I know well what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
Though when, and how, and where we met,
Is vivid in my mem'ry yet.

LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part; yet LIFE is dear—
Too high for me this panic year.

So go thou must, I give thee warning—
Choice is not mine.

Yet not "Good-bye," for at some brighter time
Thou'lt say, "Good morning."

Esther Campbell.



COLUMBIA CONDUCTS WASHINGTON TO THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

THE INVARIABLE RULE.

FAIR woman, throughout every age,
A riddle is in truth;
We find that her declining days
Are always in her youth.

THE report that a certain New York poet pays his hatter with postage stamps received for autographs is authoritatively denied. The denial comes from the hatter.

FIRST BAGGAGEMAN: Wot did yer smash dat feller's face in fer? He warn't doin' nuthin'.

SECOND BAGGAGEMAN: I know, but his face wuz marked "with care."



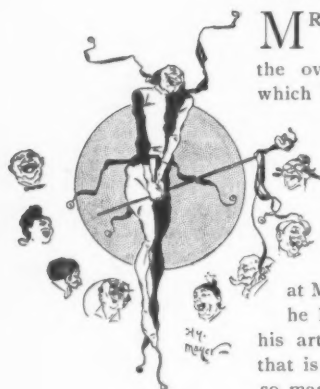
HANNA'S TRIUMPH



TRIUMPHAL APPROACH.



A REVIVAL AT DALY'S.



MR. DALY and Mr. Daly's Company stand up like a new Ararat amid the overwhelming sea of Frohmanism which has engulfed our entire theatrical world. He has made mistakes—for which he has paid—and has met with reverses deserved and undeserved, but he survives to-day, the sole managerial representative of American dramatic art. Whatever other criticism may be launched at Mr. Daly, it can never be said that he has let commercial greed overwhelm his artistic ambition. We get so much that is tawdry and catch-penny, we find so many managers catering to the cheap

public, ready to degrade rather than uphold public taste, that it cannot be wrong to give a few words of what may seem extreme credit where great commendation is surely due.

The recent revival of "The Magistrate" shows that there exists a public which has not altogether changed from the public of nine years ago, although the intervening nine years have composed a period of declining standards in our local theatres. Mr. Daly's Company has undergone some serious losses and defections in that time, but the ruling spirit is still at work and the performance goes with nicety and precision, and each unit is forced to contribute its utmost to the harmonious whole.

The play is uproariously funny, but clean—an unusual combination in days when fear of the Grand Jury, or of the Police Captain, provides the manager's only limit of decency. It is highly farcical, but all within the lines of good-breeding. Its fun is wholesome and most refreshing after a long diet of farce performances which savor too strongly of the suggestive.

The chief triumph of the revival rests with Mr. Edwin Stevens, who, without Mr. James Lewis's personal peculiarities, makes the part of *Posket*, the magistrate of Mulberry Street Police Court, an excellent piece of acting, highly dignified to start with and side-splitting in its later developments. (Right here it may be well to ask, why retain the "Mulberry Street" in a play which is so thoroughly English in every other particular? Doubtless there is a

Mulberry Street in London, and it may have a police court, but why Mulberry Street when there are others—so many others? It looks like an unworthy and inartistic striving for local color.) Towards the end Mr. Stevens rather loses his not overdone English accent, but as he has previously lost his wife, his self-esteem and his cravat, this is not remarkable. Miss Rehan's uniform excellence goes without saying. Miss Pauline French is a pretty woman who does well and gracefully the little called for by her part. Mr. George Lesoir manages the difficulties of a youth of nineteen passing as a lad of fourteen very well indeed. The minor parts are admirably done, as always in Mr. Daly's performances.

It cannot be that we find "The Magistrate" good only because we hark back to the days of old, for the younger generation in the audience seemed to rise to its fun and appreciate its excellencies with equal zest. *Metcalfe.*

SOCIETY TRIALS.

"THAT pawnbroker's children seem to wear a great deal of jewelry."

"Yes; it nearly kills me to see his twelve-year-old boy strutting around with my watch on."

—STAN LWS.



Reginald: ACCORDING TO THE THEORY OF RE-INCARNATION, I AM DOING NOW JUST THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I DID IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE.

"I SUPPOSE IN YOUR PREVIOUS EXISTENCE YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ALWAYS LENDING MONEY."



"I HEAR YOU ARE IN FOR RUNNING OFF WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE. POOR, DESPISED CREATURE!"

"I AM NOT ALTOGETHER DESPISED, MADAME. HE SENDS ME FLOWERS EVERY DAY."

PROFESSOR WILDER, of Cornell, is making a collection of the brains of educated and moral persons, and will be obliged if any lady or gentleman who is not using her or his brains at present will let him have them. He says that the current notion

that the top of the head has to be sawn off to get the brains out is hostile to the interests of his collection and is quite false, since he gives assurance that the removal may be accomplished by a single incision and without disfigurement, while—as the horse-doctors

say—the patient stands in his stall and eats oats. Only "educated and moral" persons need respond.

IT is not until a girl puts on long skirts that she realizes that she has ankles.

THE INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS' PEACE CONVENTION.

PURSUANT to a call issued by the President of the British Association of Authors a year ago, at the time of the Venezuelan imbroglio, a joint convention of British and American authors was held recently in this city, "to consider," as the invitation said, "the best means of maintaining and perpetuating amicable relations between the two great branches of the race which enjoys the same institutions, cherishes the same diversified and picturesque forms of religion, and, above all, speaks the same language, the language of Shakespeare and of Milton."

As an intense lover of the mother country personally, and as a member, officially, of Her Majesty's Loyal Fenian Filibusters, I attended the deliberations of what promised to be the most momentous international convention of history.

Mr. Rudyard K. Mulvaney was unanimously chosen as presiding officer. In calling the meeting to order he made a few well-chosen remarks, in which he said that he was glad to welcome the *sahibs* present, and only regretted that they had not brought their *memlog* along, as lovely woman, outside of the domestic sphere, was always in favor of peace. "However," he added, "as the proverb

hath it, 'Because one hath not a rupee, he should not despise the humble anna.' And as it is sometimes best to begin at the beginning, I would call upon the charming writer whose mission it is to be the laureate of infancy; for if there be in all the world a common language, it is that of the cradle. I would ask Mr. J. Whitcomb Hoosier to make a few remarks."

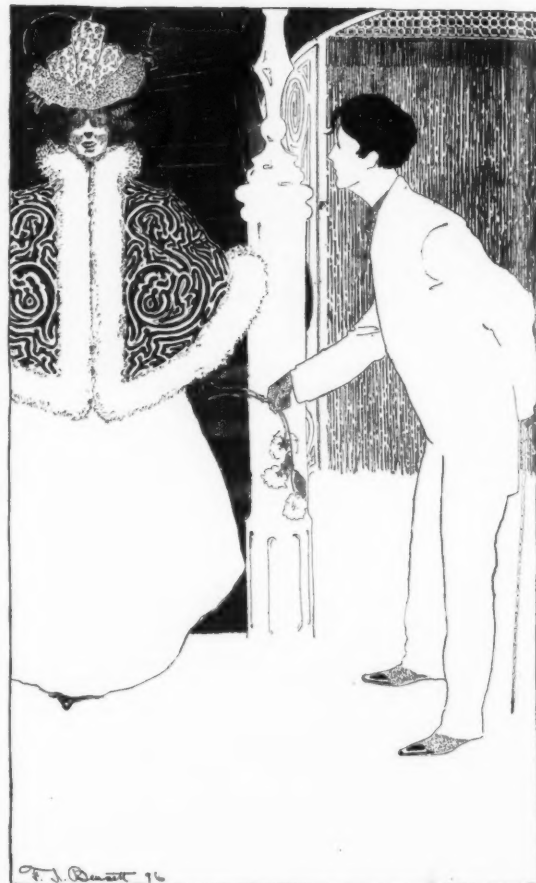
Mr. H. arose, amid thundering applause, and said:

"Wunce 'er wuz a itty boy. 'Nen 'ere wuz a nudder itty boy. Wun itty boy he say 'Goo-go.' Nudder itty boy he say 'Goo-go,' too. Bofe itty boys dey talk de same, cause dey buddies. Good itty buddies, dey don't qu'oll, 'cause dey talk de same 'Goo-goo.'"

The chairman seemed to be a little impatient during the speech of Mr. H., and said that if there were any adults present he would be glad to hear from them. He thought he saw his friend, Mr. Narcisse W. Cable, in the hall. Would Mr. C. please to favor the company with a few remarks?

Mr. C. would, and did. He said:

"I was juss goin' ad the poss-office, w'en I drop hin 'ere to lizzen ad yo' rimargues. Thass the rizzin I did not



HE (*indignantly*): AND DO YOU THINK IT RIGHT THAT A MAN SHOULD SIT BEHIND A HIGH HAT AT THE THEATRE ALL THE EVENING, AND NOT SEE THE PLAY?

"THAT DEPENDS UPON THE PLAY."



A SOUTH SEA VALENTINE.

come prepare to mek a spitch. I ham no hauthor as Brutus hiz; boat I loaf the gran' Hanglo-Saxon tong, w'ch I 'ave learn him hat my muzzer's knee—the tong of the gre't Lord Biron hand of Mr. Keeplingue."

Mr. Mulvaney, not displeased at this compliment to his biographer, yet groping painfully for something more modern, espied a stranger ostentatiously concealing himself from observation on a front seat, and asked the Rev. Docior Drumtochty to improve the occasion with a few remarks.

Mr. Drumtochty, cheerfully complying, mounted the platform and began:

"Brithers a'—for are we not a' brithers in the possession of a common speech?—this is no' a time for greetin', nor for idle clackin', but for thoughtfu' and canny cogitatin'. Let ilka tyke haud his ain haggis. In the benmost bore o' the hail beezness, dinna forget the wards o' the Gre't Duke o' Argyll (Got pless

him!), that the *cacoethes scribendi* is mair for Scotland than any ither eepidemic in its hail history."

The chairman, after carefully consulting his glossary under the desk, said that the inspiring words of his reverend friend must bring a thrill to every true Anglo-Saxon bosom, and asked the Honorable Remus C. Harris to respond for the Afro-American branch of that grand race.

Mr. Harris came forward diffidently, and said:

"Wunce upon a time Br'er Fox he gin a pahty, and he invite Br'er Eagle and Br'er Lion to pahticipate; and bofe on em dey jess natchilly pahticipate. W'en de dinnah hit wuz ready, Br'er Lion he say, in his modest way, befo' he wuz axed, 'Ef it all de same to you, Mister Fox, I'll take a slice of de w'ite meat;' and Br'er Eagle remark, quite servig-

rous like: 'Dahk meat good enuf for me, ef I kin git enny.' But Br'er Fox he make apology and say: 'Ve'y so'y, gemmens, but the onliest dish on de bill o' fa'r to-day is Oatmeal. He'p youselves, gemmens. I had an American goose fo' my luncheon jess befo' I comed in."

The eloquent representative from Darkest Georgia was followed by a Canadian gentleman who spoke in the Acadian patois, with which, unhappily, neither the speaker nor his hearers seemed to be acquainted.

To relieve the embarrassment, the chairman, giving a hitch to his newest dialect costume, inquired in his most tarry voice if any lubber aboard would be kind enough to crawl over the cross-trees and lend a hand at splicing the keelson in plain Anglo-American lingo.

Thereupon arose Mr. J. Townsend Fadden, of Manhattan Island, and,

expectorating genteelly over his left shoulder, said:

"Wot t'ell! I move dat we adjourns till dese foreign ducks has time to buy a primary-school primer and larn to read dead-easy words of one dinky little syllable. If any gent don't like de motion, let him come down here and say so. I won't do a ting to him."

But nobody seconding the motion or accepting the courteous invitation, the chairman read a letter from Mr. George Merrydeath, during which Mr. Fadden fell asleep, and Dr. Drumtochty asked in vain for a translation into Gaelic or any other known modern tongue.

Mr. Merrydeath wrote: "While not failing in any lack, but rather the contrary, of enthusiasm in a matter which, beyond peradventure, must appeal to every lover, whether or not, or, rather, because thereof, or otherwise, of the

lingual links in the chain that binds, without fettering, the two great branches of a common, and yet uncommon, race, I feel it only my duty, and a sacred duty, to say so in unmistakable language."

The unanimous verdict of those present is that if any more meetings are to be held, it will be necessary to engage the services of an interpreter. The "common tongue of Shakespeare and of Milton" needs moistening to make it of any use in an International Authors' Peace Convention; and experience proves that Scotch whiskey and water are not adequate to the purpose. The former must be drunk with a glossary, and the latter is altogether thinner than blood.

James Jeffrey Roche.



"I WISH MY DAUGHTER HAD ELOPED WITH THE COACHMAN INSTEAD OF MARRYING THAT WORTHLESS NOBLEMAN, WHO IS MAKING HER LIFE MISERABLE."

"NEVER MIND, MRS. GOLDBRICK, PERHAPS SHE WILL YET."



ME CHOSIEPHINE, ME CHO.

Oh, Chosiephine! oh, Chosiephine! jist on d' quiet, say:
Now ain't y'-kind o' stuck on me? I won't give youse away,
So don't be skeert t' tell me, fer I'se dyin' fer t' know—
Say, on d' level, ain't y' now, me Chosiephine, me Cho?
Say, Cho-Cho, d' y' mind d' time d' foist time wot we met?
Me wit' a gang o' Indians—chee, I kin see it yet! Down be d' old park pier we was, all standin' in a row,
When youse went waltzin' by, so gay, me Chosiephine, me Cho.
Y' swiped me heart dead cold, y' did, y' swiped me heart dead quick;
An' left dere but a lump o' lead 'r else a side-walk brick.
An' den d' night—d' time we went t' take in dat new show,
Dere wasn't one bang in it wit' me Chosiephine, me Cho.
An' den d' time, t' Daly's dance—y' went an' shook me dere,

An' spieled t'rough all d' ef'nin' wit' d' guy wit' red-hot hair,
An' me a-huntin' all around, a-huntin' high an' low,
An' wasn't I broke up?—Oh, no! me Chosiephine, me Cho.

But now gw'an, ah say, gw'an, ain't youse a little wit?
I'll play d' limit, Chosie, an' I'll play t' make a hit;
I'se ought t' know be dis time? Did y' say yes—it's a go—
Oh, Chosiephine! oh, Chosiephine! oh, Chosiephine, me Cho!

John Hillyer Lewis.

MR. I. ZANGWILL tells the following story: "The fat girl of C. is not a myth or a show person, but a solid, private reality, that I have seen. Her fatness weighed upon her, so she went to a physician to be rid of some of it. He drew up a careful dietary; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. 'Did you do what I told you?' he asked. 'Religiously.' 'His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. 'Anything else?' he asked. 'My ordinary meals.'—*Tit-Bits.*

NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1897.

To the Editor of LIFE:

LIFE is a fitting title for a journal that holds up to the blasting light of publicity the inhuman wretches, plagues on the sea of Humanity, sailing under the black flag of vivisection, who, when attacked, raise to the fore the bright banner of Science and imagine they deceive civilization.

Think of the Chicago M. D. who shot sixty dogs through the intestines and then calmly reported results! What a kind, sympathetic friend and physician he must be! LIFE should start a Gallery of Infamy and on the line hang pictures of these fiends (unless the originals can be secured for that purpose).

While there's LIFE let there be hope that such things shall not be.

Yours very truly,

J. H. NETTLETON.

THE UP-TO-DATE WOMAN.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy; She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy. She belonged to ten clubs and read Browning at sight; Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might.

She served on a school board with courage and zeal; She golfed, and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel; She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by name; Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame." Her children went in for the top education, Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration. One day on her tablets she found an hour free— The shock was too great, and she died instantlee!

—*Philadelphia Record.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

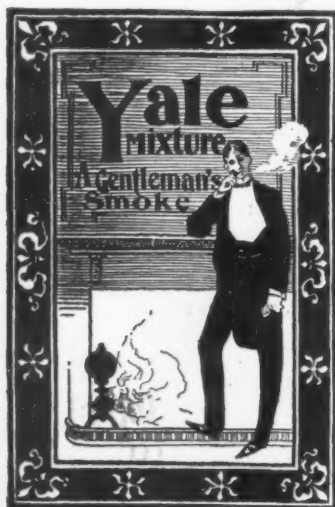
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IVORY SOAP

One day in the wash, with a destructive soap, is worse than a month's wear.

If you do not know what soap your laundress is using, would it not be well to find out?

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.



Distress after eating is needless. Abbott's—the original Angostura Bitters will put you on good terms with yourselves. Druggists and dealers.

Patronize American industries—wear KNOX HATS.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

DALY'S. Evenings, 8:15. Matinees at 2. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. MISS REHAN in Pinner's merriest comedy, THE MAGISTRATE. Tues., Thurs., Fri. Evenings, THE GEISHA.

DRAMATIC EPISODE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are
At behind the hat so high
That occludes you from the eye?
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

(10 YEARS OLD.)

Warranted a PURE TONICAL STIMULANT. Recommended by Physicians and known as the

CHOICEST WHISKEY

For CLUB, FAMILY and MEDICINAL USE.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, BALTIMORE, MD.



SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS
CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS
PARK & TILFORD, New-York; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

NIAGARA FALLS ONLY 9½ HOURS FROM NEW YORK BY THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

"I'm so glad you remembered to bring a jar of

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

We're sure to want it wherever we go."

(Overheard on "the Limited.")

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



WHITE ROSE
TRADE *No. 4711* MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP

Upheld by Beautiful Women
Everywhere as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

No. 4711 **White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap.** Send 15 cents in stamps for sample cake.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS

Quick as Thought

No time lost with
WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.
Taste, flavor and quality the best. Put up in pound and half-pound tins.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son,
Sole Mfrs. Philadelphia.



The Improved Boston Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON - CLASP
Lies flat to the leg. Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample pair by Mail Silk So-Cottas
P.O. BOX 1604
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN.
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

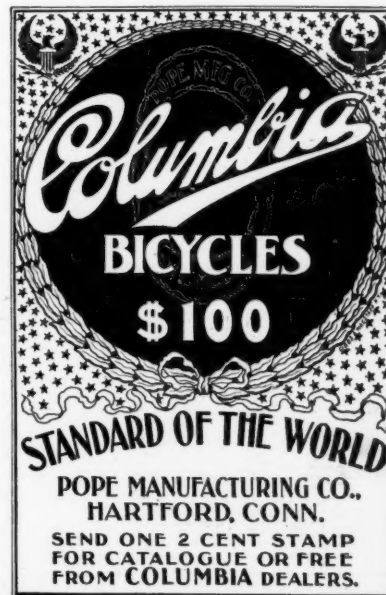
For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,

39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.



Columbia BICYCLES
\$100
STANDARD OF THE WORLD
POPE MANUFACTURING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.
SEND ONE 2 CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE OR FREE FROM COLUMBIA DEALERS.



TROUBLE WITH HIS NOTES.—It was an hour or more after midnight. There was a furious ringing at the door-bell. A few minutes elapsed, and then a head was thrust out of a second-story window. "What do you want?" "This is where Mr. Spreecher lives, isn't it?" "Yes. I am Mr. Spreecher." "You delivered an address before the Advancement of Mankind Club this evening on 'The Dead of '96'?" "I did." "You spoke of a noted man named Alcibiades McGibbney?" "Yes." "Was he a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?" "He was a Protestant. What—" "That's all I want to know. I'm the shorthand reporter that took down the speech, and I couldn't tell from my notes whether you said that at the age of twenty-seven he entered the ministry or monastery. Ever so much obliged to you. Good night!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

FATHER HUGH LAGAN of San Rafael is a pious priest and an excellent raconteur. His Reverence relates that he was called in recently to administer the last rites of Mother Church to a dying sinner, who, like himself, was a native of the Emerald Isle.

"I have but one request to make, Father," gasped the dying penitent.

"What is it, my son?" inquired the priest.

"That when I am dead, Father, you will put me to rest in the Hebrew cemetery."

"And what for?" asked Father Lagan.

"Because, your Reverence," moaned the sick man, "it is the last place on the face of the globe where the devil would look for an Irishman."

—*London Figaro.*

FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES.—"My friend," said the traveler with the skull cap, putting his head out of the car-window as the train stopped at a desolate looking village, "what is the name of this dried-up, God-forsaken place?" "That's near enough," responded the dejected citizen, who was leaning against the little red shanty that served as a railway station. "Let her go at that."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A YOUNG contralto at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph Barnby was conducting, at the end of a solo, put in a high note instead of the less effective note usually sung. This innovation shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked whether Miss Singer thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel. "Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off." "Miss Singer," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."—*Argonaut.*

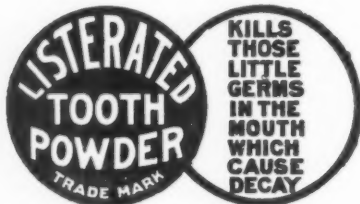
ALL Gretna Green justices are not as frank as is E. C. Roberts of Lapeer, Mich. Squire Roberts—he is a justice of the peace, according to his stationery—makes a most candid bid for matrimonial fees. His letterheads are in themselves studies in open-faced honesty of declaration, and if there is any yearning couple in the neighborhood of Lapeer that couple certainly yearns without cause, for the justice makes plain proclamation of his purpose. A letterhead of his, sent hither by an admirer of his way of announcing himself, is decorated with a half-tone portrait of the "judge," a soldierly looking fellow who probably used to be an auctioneer, and under the cut is the designation, "The original and only exclusively matrimonial magistrate." Close beside and printed in cunning little letters is this alluring statement: "Office at the elevator or at the First National Bank parlors, or wherever most convenient to swains," and below, a further assertion is: "A fine line of high-grade bridesmaids and groomsman constantly on hand to assist at the services." Here are some other selections from this most remarkable letterhead:

"Marriages solemnized promptly, accurately and eloquently. Plain ceremony—legal fee; osculation extra."

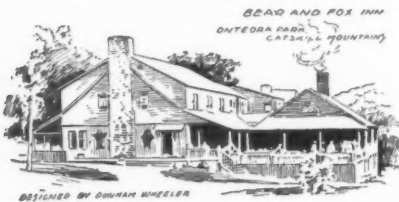
"Elopements a specialty. Night calls answered without extra charge. Consultation free."

"N. B. My anti-blushine warranted effective and will not injure the most delicate complexion."

Certainly if matrimony languishes in Michigan it is not the fault of advertising nor of Judge Roberts.—*Chicago Record.*



PARK & TILFORD, Agents.



A Lodge in the Wilderness

melts into the landscape when colored with the soft moss-green, bark-brown and rock-gray shades of

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains.

Paint spoils the effect of shingling and rots the wood, while "wood treated with creosote is not subject to dry rot or other decay."—*Century Dictionary.*

Send for samples of stained wood, and color-studies.

SAMUEL CABOT, 74 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS AT ALL CENTRAL POINTS.

WHY IS OUR OLD CROW RYE



so popular? Why is it ahead of all others in sales? It is because of its quality, its reliability. There are many imitations. Some are our own bottles refilled, others are imitation labels and capsules. The genuine has our name on cases, corks, capsules and labels, and the word

"RYE"

in large red letters.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

(ESTABLISHED 1853.)

69 Fulton St., New York.

Also Broadway and 27th St.



CALVÉ

SAYS:

"The genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract has done wonders for me. I use it constantly, and find myself much benefited thereby. It aids digestion, tones the system, and makes me strong enough to withstand the great nervous strain occasioned by my professional duties."

EMMA CALVÉ.

Ask for the Genuine... JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

All Others are Worthless Imitations.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

TELEGRAM FROM RUSSIA:

"Send to Anitchkoff Palace, St. Petersburg, immediately, one dozen Vin Mariani, for her imperial Majesty, Empress of Russia."

Ordered by the Court Physicians.

Write to MARIANI & CO. for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

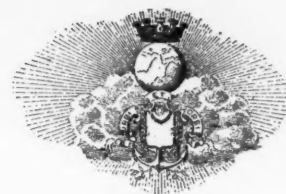


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It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

**H&C^o
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FRANCE**
On White China

**Haviland & Co
Limoges**
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GRANDE

MAISON DE BLANC

Established in Paris 1864.

TABLE AND BED LINEN,

woven by hand and bleached on the grass.

Lace Curtains, Centre Pieces, Bed Spreads, Quilts, Handkerchiefs.

TROUSSEAUX

a specialty.

We invite inspection of our goods, feeling sure you will find the quality much higher and the prices as reasonable as elsewhere.

391 Fifth Ave., New York.

MR. PEARSALL'S TESTIMONY.

As Counsel for the Late Mr. Edward Freel He Compliments the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company.

When the husband and father insures his life for the benefit of those depending upon him it must ever be an additional satisfaction to him to know that when he has departed this life his family will receive promptly the amount that is due them.

The following letter from the well-known lawyer of this city, Mr. Thomas E. Pearsall, to the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company is more eloquent than anything in that respect that could be written by another who was conversant with actual facts:

BROOKLYN, JAN. 28, 1897.

To the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company:

I cannot refrain from giving expression to my grateful appreciation of the methods of the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company in conducting its affairs with its patrons. As counsel of the late Mr. Edward Freel, of our city, the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company's check for \$10,000 in full payment of a death loss was given to me immediately in exchange for the proofs and policy on presentation at their office, thus making a policy in the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company a veritable sight draft upon a well-conducted and financially strong institution. I am reminded, too, that the Brooklyn Life was the first to amend the practice of awaiting sixty or ninety days which prevailed among all life insurance companies, and under the present general methods of paying as early as practicable after knowledge of death and presentation of proofs and policy duly released, life insurance has become a truly great beneficence, as well as the most excellent of investments.

Yours truly,

THOMAS E. PEARSALL.

This is but one of many such testimonials received constantly by the Brooklyn Life.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Have you seen the Victor Road Racer?

The date on it is January 20th, 1897. You will appreciate this date and its newness after you have seen the wheel.

It not only contains "Victor grade" material and "Victor grade" workmanship all the way through, but it has all the latest little touches which bring a bicycle up to date.

It has the latest fad,—the new thing,—which not only gives all that the past has suggested but many points which are found nowhere else.

Expert road riders will fall in love with it.

In looking at it remember that the Company invites you to examine it bit by bit. In fact, this is our favorite way of showing Victor bicycles.

We believe in making riders intelligent concerning that which they are to buy.

See the Victor Road Racer with both eyes, both hands, both feet, before you buy a bicycle for '97. If you do, you will be glad of it.

Our catalog on application.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. SAN FRANCISCO.
DETROIT. DENVER. PORTLAND, ORE.

P.S. Did you know that the Overman Wheel Co. built Safety Bicycles in '87, which was one year sooner than any other American bicycle maker? The Victor Road Racer is the concentrated experience of ten years in safety construction.

We are the oldest American makers of Safety Bicycles.